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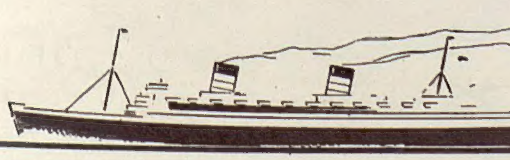

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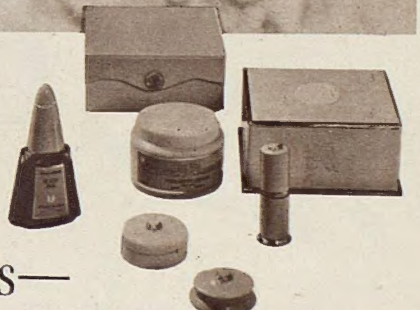

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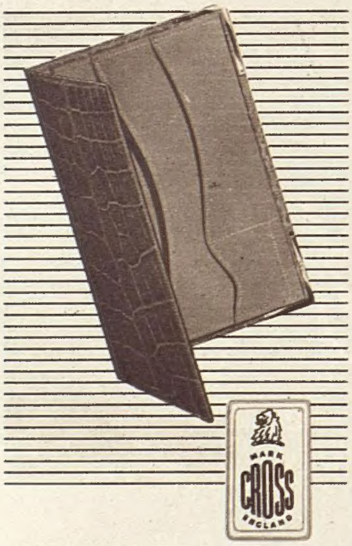

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The Sketch
WEDNESDAY, JUNE 20, 1951

Photographed by Percy Kessell.

FROM STUDENT TO STAR

SUSAN STEPHEN, eighteen years old—an R.A.D.A. student as recently as March—has the chance of a lifetime playing the lead in a film version of *His Excellency*, starting production this month. Her unusual personality and snub-nosed vivacity have brought her into a cast with such big screen names as Eric Portman, Cecil Parker, Edward Chapman and Clive Morton. She was the only girl tested for the rôle.

After the Trooping the Colour ceremony on Horse Guards Parade, at which Princess Elizabeth deputised for his Majesty, the Queen drove back to the Palace with Princess Margaret and Prince Charles to watch the march-past.

Sketch-Book

BY HENRY LONGHURST

I AM indebted to a friend for an expression which conveys in one word what one was at a loss to convey in a dozen. Talking of Rome, he remarked on the wonderful way in which the people "presented" their city. We have never gone out of our way to "present" London, or any other city, for that matter, with the possible exception of Edinburgh; but, now that we are doing so, we discover it to be one of the loveliest places on earth.

In the days when I dabbled in politics I used to quote a story of what Gladstone actually did say in eighteen-something-or-other, and this was a sure success, even with audiences who had every intention later of breaking the place up in disorder. The story was to the effect that, when asked to sanction window-boxes in Whitehall, the great man replied that he was "not morally entitled to spend money he had obtained by taxation on window-boxes for Government offices."

On looking round the London of to-day, more especially the City, I think he was wrong. The flowers in London this month, particularly those which festoon the windows of banks, insurance companies and other such prosaic bodies, give a lift to the spirit. While resenting almost every other way in which his Majesty's present administration spend my money, I now give them *carte blanche* to keep London flowering all the year round.

I should also instruct them, instead of spending £75,000 on covering hoardings with posters telling me to "Get home safe and sound," which I had every intention of doing, to put the money towards making permanent the present floodlighting of London. I took an American friend round the town the other evening and I do not know which of us was the more surprised and impressed at the beauty of London's buildings by night. Whenever London is lit up for Jubilee, Coronation, Festival, Armistice, or whatever it may be, people beg that the lights shall stay, but nothing is ever done. If the Press and a few members of Parliament got busy now, they could educate the authorities and, by preserving the lights, earn the gratitude of millions.

And so, in its minor way, could the Cavalry Club. The flares outside their windows have cheered innumerable hearts in Piccadilly, and I hope they will keep them alight for ever.

HAVING passed some rather acid comments in a previous *Sketch-Book* on the leisurely pace at which the Festival Pleasure Gardens took shape, I now report on the gardens themselves. Are they worth a hard-earned florin and all the business of getting to Battersea Park? The answer is yes, a thousand times yes. These gardens are a triumph. They bring light, colour, gaiety and excitement to people long starved of these commodities and I lift my hat to all concerned.

Maybe they will revive the pleasure-gardens habit that was part of London life for a couple of hundred years. Vauxhall Gardens, where Hogarth enjoyed a permanent pass for himself and a coach-load in return for designing a silver season ticket and where Pepys kissed Mrs. Knipp in the arbour, "it being darkish," were mid-way between Battersea and the South Bank. Perhaps I am unduly enthusiastic about their modern successors through catching them on one of those magical June days which even the news in the morning papers cannot spoil.

I stopped for a while on Albert Bridge, reflecting that the elegance of his Royal Highness's bridge, which he did conceive, more than atoned for the hideousness of his memorial, which he did not. The breeze was whipping up white horses on a tide so high that water-bus passenger and motorist sailed along side by

side and one of the loveliest prospects in London, a monotone study in grey for so many months past, had sprung at last into full colour.

In the gardens themselves I fell into conversation with a man who put his finger on the secret of their success. He was running a couple of shops there, he said, and had seen Fairs in Leipzig, Paris, Glasgow, Berlin, and New York, but never anything to touch this. "And do you know why? Because this is the only Fair they have ever put into a real park!"

AS to the countryside, England in June needs no "presenting." I sometimes wonder if any country at any time of year compares with the England of lilac, laburnum, chestnut, broom and bluebell. Such idyllic thoughts were passing through my mind as I gazed down on the Grange, an ancient country house set in a hamlet in a valley. Cows were grazing in the buttercups, rooks cawed from immemorial elms, the walled garden glowed in the summer sun. One day, I reflected, if my talent bore fruit, I might even qualify for some such reward myself . . .

Not, however, the Grange. It is a Borstal.

A curious set-up. The hamlet consists of Borstal Grange, an odd house or two, the Chequers, the golf club-house and the home of the Benevolent Lord who has given so many millions to charity. A mile or so away I share a week-end cottage. Boys will be boys, especially Borstal boys, and the spirit of adventure, coupled with shortage of funds and a thirst for stronger refreshment, moved one or two of them some time ago to "do" the golf club. This set up a vicious cycle of events which continues to this day. The only punishment permitted for "doing" the golf club, it seems, was to fine the naughty boys (one 19, rape; the other 20, arson) sixpence, or one week's pocket-money. This instantly sealed the fate of the Chequers, which was "done" a few nights later. The resultant fines led in turn to two further assaults on the golf club. The only reason why the Benevolent Lord has escaped is because he is still able to employ a man whose last job at night is to go round double-bolting and barring every door and window.

The other day we were less fortunate and a police message indicated that we ourselves had been "done." Blood was all over the place, it was said, and bottles of this, that, and the other. Two of the boys had stolen a car, broken info three places, abandoned the car and stolen a lorry, and had been picked up in the East End of London—all before it dawned on the local authorities that anyone was missing.

The subject comes to mind not merely through joining the long list of householders who have been visited by escaped Borstalians, but because we have just had a spate of "experts" revealing that the only difference between Borstal and a public school is that the inmates of the latter, when their behaviour is held to be at fault, are beaten till they cannot sit down, whereas the inmates of Borstal, according to a prison officer, "lounge around with their hands in their pockets and indicate to the masters which style of haircut they prefer."

There can be few stranger manifestations of the Welfare State than that the way to reside for nothing in a fine old country house and receive a public school education rather more costly than Eton should be to cosh somebody's grandmother.

READING my notes on Sherlock Holmes, a medical friend passes on a story told by his father, who sat under Professor Joseph Bell, of Edinburgh. Dr. Bell was, of course, the model from whom Conan Doyle borrowed the deductive faculties which enabled Holmes, after one glance at a new client, to reveal his occupation, age, past history and domestic background. Dr. Bell frequently worked this sort of miracle on patients for the benefit of his students. My friend's father was present one day when an elderly patient was brought in.

"Ha!" said the Doctor. "You observe the condition of this man's teeth, gentlemen. You will naturally deduce without difficulty that he is a—well, what? . . . Just let these gentlemen see your teeth, Sir, will you?"

Whereupon the man took them out and laid them on the table.

LISTENING by chance to the wireless programme, "Any Questions?", in which politicians with strong party views are at such pains to keep party politics out of their answers while at the same time deluging the listener with party propaganda, I came to the conclusion that for quickness of thought and the ability to translate it extemporarily into language of classical quality, few people in the English-speaking world would stand much chance against Lord Hailsham, who, as Quintin Hogg, sat in the House of Commons for Oxford until translated, to his great aggravation, to higher spheres on the death of his father.

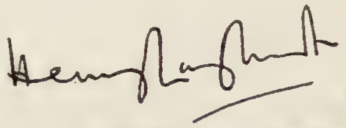
Answering one question, he delivered himself of a perfectly-constructed sentence, including subjunctives, which I estimated would have taken fifteen lines in *The Times*. Few men can speak like this, out of their head, as though delivering a written judgment. Fewer still, as any radio listener knows, can read what they have already written without revealing to their audience that they are reading it. In fact, the only man within most people's knowledge who can do so is Mr. Churchill, and even he did not discover the knack till he hit on the long-range glasses which enable him to stand 6 ft. away from his script.

Two of the four performers on the programme in which Lord Hailsham so distinguished himself were Socialists—Mr. Dick Crossman, M.P., and Mr. Jack Longland, who is, I believe, Education Officer for Derbyshire—and if I venture to criticise them, it is not on the ground of party politics but because, perhaps without meaning it, they managed to be rude to the Americans four times in half an hour. I have a strong fellow-feeling with Americans and hope to pay my ninth visit to their hospitable shores later in the year. Why it should be necessary to insult them at all on a radio programme I cannot conceive, but four times in half an hour must be well over the odds.

None of the questions related directly to America, but between them the two speakers managed firstly to disparage a "so-called expert on civil defence" from the United States who had been visiting us and had "probably never been near a bomb in his life"; then to suggest, quite irrelevantly, though for all I know with truth, that American air-battle claims in the war had been "grossly exaggerated." Then there was a gratuitous "crack" about America owning 50 per cent. of the world's oil and showing no desire to pool it, and finally a reminder that they "came out of the war" with a higher standard of living "and nearly all the gold."

Perhaps as a mild counterblast I may record that I *like* American people. I like to see them over here, like to visit them in their tremendous country and reckon that as a foursome combination the two of us are unbeatable. Those of them who chance to read this may be assured that we do not all side with the Socialist M.P. who, having borrowed a cool thousand million from them, described them as "shabby money-lenders"!

On the other hand, they have Colonel McCormick—so perhaps we are all square.



After the Trooping the Colour, on the balcony at Buckingham Palace to watch the scene as Princess Elizabeth took the salute at the march-past were: the Duchess of Beaufort, Earl Mountbatten, Lady Mary Whitley, Countess Mountbatten, Princess Marie Louise, the Marchioness of Carisbrooke, Lady Patricia Ramsay, the Duchess of Kent, Queen Mary and Prince Richard of Gloucester, Prince Charles, the Queen, the Duchess of Gloucester, King Haakon of Norway, Princess Margaret, Princess Astrid of Norway, Sir Henry Abel-Smith, Lady Mary Abel-Smith, Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, with the Earl of Athlone behind her.

Miss D. Corbishley (Daimler saloon) leads W. D. Hurlock (A.C.) and J. C. Wallwork (Vanguard) round a bend in the Silverstone test. Later Wallwork lost a front wheel.

Lord Camden and Sir Algernon Guinness sat observing at the end of the Bournemouth test area.

L. F. Parham (Bristol saloon) turning at the far end of the Bournemouth test.

GREAT BRITAIN'S FIRST INTERNATIONAL MOTOR RALLY

ORGANISED by the R.A.C., the first International Motor Rally of Great Britain began on June 4, when 229 cars set out from the starting controls at Brighton, Skegness, Harrogate and Cheltenham. During the afternoon they arrived at the R.A.C. Silverstone circuit, near Towcester, where half-an-hour's high-speed test was held. The 225 drivers who survived the test headed for Scarborough and Dunoon, Blackpool and Weston-super-Mare, reaching the finishing control at Bournemouth on the 9th, for the driving test. The classes which took part in this excellent rally were open and closed cars, over and under 1,500 c.c. The best performance was put up by Ian Appleyard (XK120 Jaguar), who was the only competitor to hold his cross-country lead in the final tests at Bournemouth, and who scored fewer penalty marks than any other driver.

Specially photographed for "The Sketch" by Louis Klemantaski.

G. S. Rollings (Healey Open Sports model) just stopped short of the Bournemouth penalty line.

Mr. Gatsonides, famous Monte Carlo Rally driver, in van der Mark's Jowett Javelin, came to a halt just over the finishing line.

C. J. Toomer (Allard) going through one of the *chicanes* in the Bournemouth test. The turn was so sharp that it could only be taken comparatively slowly. The tyre-marks show what could happen to over-enthusiastic drivers.

Britain's leading Trials driver, Ian Appleyard (XK120 Jaguar) put up the best time of the day in the Bournemouth test, and the best performance of the Rally.

Mr. and Mrs. Ian Appleyard in the XK120 Jaguar in which he won the class for open cars over 1½ litres.

Raymond Baxter, B.B.C. commentator, who has done many motoring broadcasts, comes down from the tower at Bournemouth. He competed in this year's Monte Carlo Rally, giving broadcasts from the controls.

Earl Howe, Steward of the meeting, took observations through a pocket telescope.

Photographed by Fred Daniels.

GLYNIS JOHNS . . .

is engaged—not to sculptor Peter Lambda, in the picture making a bust of her—but to producer Anthony Darnborough. He proposed at the nineteenth at Sunningdale Golf Club and they hope to marry in August, when his third Somerset Maugham film, *Encore*, starring his fiancée, is completed. *State Secret*, in which Miss Johns co-starred with Douglas Fairbanks, Jnr., was her last film, and now she is working on *Appointment With Venus* at Pinewood.

Social Diary

LADIES' DAY—THE OAKS.

JUNE 1.

LADIES' DAY—THE OAKS: *Blazing sunshine gave the signal for summer dress, windproof berets and caps at Epsom, where spectators watched as exciting a race for the fillies as Wednesday's Derby for their oppo-·ites. Here are some of the socialites who saw Yorkshire owner Major Holliday's Neasham Belle come in four lengths ahead of Mr. Blagrave's Chinese Cracker. Left: Mr. Michael Forsyth-Forrest and his fiancée Miss Robina Grosvenor. Centre: Lady Anne and Mr. Michael Tree with Miss Catherine de Trafford. Right: Lady George Cholmondeley and Miss R. Markham.*

'ewly-engageds on the left are ·ıdy Caroline Montagu-Douglas-S·ott, younger daughter of the Duke ··· Duchess of Buccleuch, and Mr. Ian Hedworth Gilmour, whose ···dding at Westminster Abbey on J·ly 10 will be attended by members ·· the Royal Family—the Queen ··· Princess Margaret; Prince R··hard of Gloucester will be a page. C·ntre: Mrs. G. Lambton, in an e··ective black-and-white outfit. And right: Major Holliday leading in his Oaks winner Neasham Belle, S. Clayton up—a trio wearing satisfaction like a cloak.

JUNE 2.

COWDRAY PARK POLO: *Watching the final in the Duke of Sutherland's Cup at Cowdray Park were the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, with Mrs. C. T. O'Callaghan centre. Right: Lord Cowdray toasted the winning team in a draught of champagne from the Cup itself. Henley "A" team, conceding The Knaves 2½ goals start, beat them by 6 to 3½.*

COWDRAY PARK POLO.

Social

" THE FOURTH.

JUNE 4.

" THE FOURTH " *at Eton was glorious ; full traditional programme under a persistent sun, summer giving a show of having arrived. Family party groups sat in the shade of their cars, picnicked on the grass. Headgear : apart from womenfolks' frillies, a rare top-hat was seen at Roll-call ; in the Procession of Boats, crews wore proper hats for first time post-war ; in the cricket match at Agar's Plough caps were noticed. Highlight of the evening's firework display was pyrotechnic portrait of Princess Elizabeth.*

In the top left picture are author Sacheverell Sitwell and his wife with their son Francis. Top right : a family group during luncheon : on his car's running-board Mr. R. H. Cobbold, with Ann ; Clare in the left foreground ; Mrs. Cobbold centre, and J. Nicholas, right. Below, left, at a point of vantage : Lady Antonia Crichton, the Earl of Erne, and sister Lady Rosanagh Crichton ; Mr. D. Yencken behind M. Ivan Terestchenko, and Miss Mary Moore. Right : the Marquis of Graham with Lady Mary Burghley and her nephew, Charles Dawnay.

NORWAY'S KING.

TROOPING THE COLOUR.

JUNE 5.

NORWAY'S KING *Haakon was given great reception by London's river. Guns fired salute, sirens sounded, flags fluttered as his Royal yacht Norge proceeded up-Thames. Deputising for the King, the Duke of Gloucester met him above Tower Bridge ; they transhipped to the Royal barge, proceeded to Westminster on start of three-day visit. Here her Majesty and the Princesses met the Royal visitor, and this snapshot was taken on arrival at the Palace.*

JUNE 7.

TROOPING THE COLOUR : *Representing the King, who was ordered to rest, Princess Elizabeth, Colonel of the Grenadier Guards, took the salute on Horse Guards Parade. Riding side-saddle on police-horse Winston, she wore scarlet tunic, dark blue riding skirt and tricorne replica of hat worn by colonel of the Grenadiers 200 years ago. With her is the Duke of Gloucester.*

Diary

JUNE 7.

MISS TRUMAN: DINNER AT THE PALACE: *On her first, and very crowded visit to England, Miss Margaret Truman (centre), daughter of America's President, was invited by their Majesties to dine at Buckingham Palace. With her, U.S. Ambassador and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Gifford, were snapped leaving the Embassy.*

JUNE 8.

MAY WEEK BALL: *At Cambridge's Dorothy Café May Week Ball cele- ...ted by the University's Medical ...ety had Britain's Festival as its ...ne. 500 people danced in "Festi- ... Hall" and "Battersea Park." ... the "Dome of Recovery" an ...ellent '51 bar. In picture: ... C. Godfrey-Faussett and ... W. V. Higgs (Corpus Christi).*

MISS TRUMAN: DINNER AT THE PALACE.

MAY WEEK BALL.

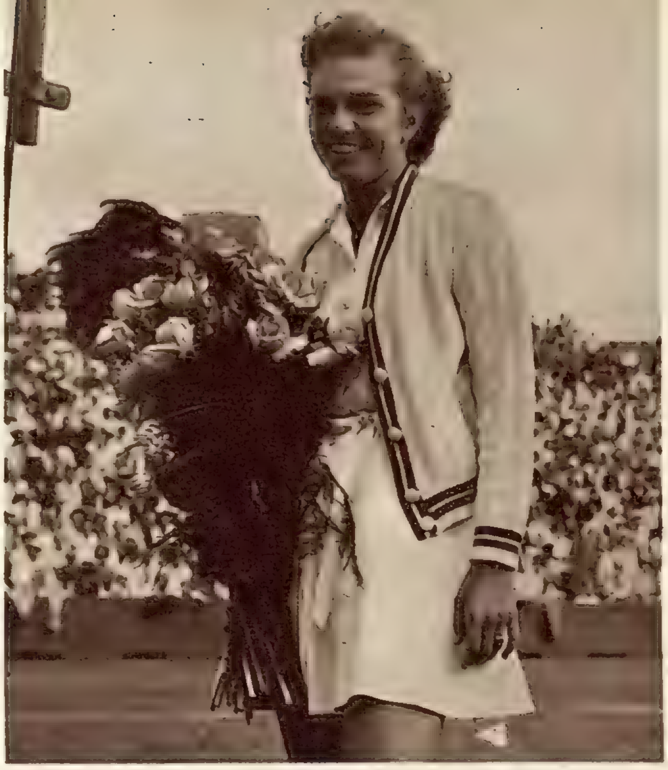
JUNE 12.

R... ASCOT, FIRST DAY, *opened w... sparkle and pageantry. The Q..., Princess Elizabeth and Princ... argaret drove through golden g... down the course just before st... first race. The Queen entert... party of twenty-five at W... Castle, some of whom, se... ith Princess Margaret, in th... section of the Royal box, in- c... right, Lady Rosemary Spen- ce... rchill, tall daughter of the D... d Duchess of Marlborough. F... s varied, according to w... caution or otherwise, but b... sunshine in the afternoon j... choice of the adventurous.*

ROYAL ASCOT, FIRST DAY.

Here, three women whose hats were distinctive, becoming. Left: Mrs. John Ward's massed marguerites would cling to her head on the gustiest day. And it was windy. Her five-rope choker of pearls, double-pearl ear-rings, made chic finish. Centre: Lady Boyle's coolie hat—not too big, not too small—was married to a dress of spotted tie-silk. Right: for Mrs. Edward Lambton a smartly unusual cart-wheel in black, with a big wing for panache. A propos the racing: the Gold Vase was won by Mrs. R. Foster's Faux Pas, E. Smith up, from Miss D. Paget's Snowdon, with Gordon Richards riding, and the Aga Khan's Shahanshah, D. Smith up.

PARIS WEDDING.



AMERICAN FRENCH SINGLES CHAMPION.

LAUGHTON AGAIN.

FRESHMAN AND FATHER.

PARIS ROYAL WEDDING.

OUR STORY-TELLER.

Social Diary

JUNE 1.

PARIS WEDDING: *Sir Charles Mendl, one-time Press Attaché at the British Embassy, Paris (1926-1940), and thirty-seven-year-old Belgian-born violinist Mme. Yvonne Reilly were quietly married at his home in the Avenue d'Iéna.*

JUNE 3.

AMERICAN FRENCH SINGLES CHAMPION: *Miss Shirley Fry (ranked No. 8 in the U.S.A.) beat Miss Doris Hart (U.S.A.'s No. 2) by two sets to one in the French International women's singles championship at the Stade Roland Garros, Auteuil. Her game: steady, sure.*

RECEIVED JUNE 4.

LAUGHTON AGAIN: *Charles Laughton (right) paced the floor in a Hollywood studio reciting lines from Shaw's Man and Superman, while his acting colleagues, Charles Boyer (left) and Sir Cedric Hardwicke, went through their parts. Trio will be joined by actress Agnes Moorehead for a European tour.*

JUNE 6.

FRESHMAN AND FATHER: *At New York's Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church Miss Stella Jebb congratulated her father, British delegate to U.N.O. Sir Gladwyn Jebb, on his address to Finch Junior College seniors at Commencement exercises. Miss Jebb has been a freshman at Finch during the past year*

JUNE 9.

PARIS ROYAL WEDDING: *Smartest wedding of Paris season was that of Paratrooper Prince Michael de Bourbon-Parma, son of Prince René de Bourbon-Parma and Princess Margaret of Denmark, to French Princess Yolande de Broglie, who wore a Fath gown of white. An ex-king, Princesses, paratroopers and peasants were present at the Church of St. Pierre de Chaillot, and a sung Mass was accompanied by string orchestra.*

RECEIVED JUNE 10.

OUR STORY-TELLER: *Famous short-story writer Mr. W. Somerset Maugham stayed at the Gritti Palace Hotel, Venice, for fortnight's holiday. Following his excellent short-story films, Trio and Quartet, a third, Encore, is in production directed by Anthony Darnborough, with fiancée Glynis Johns starring.*

Photographed by Baron.

BALLERINAS BACKSTAGE

ON the stage of the Stoll Theatre this picture was specially posed in the manner of the charming nineteenth-century lithographs showing ballerinas preparing for the dance. On the left Danilova examines her face; Markova, centre, adjusts her shoe-strap, while behind her Riabouchinska peeps at herself in Danilova's mirror; and on the right, Krassovska is ready and waiting. The style of that romantic period of ballet is exquisitely recaptured in this graceful photograph, taken during the season of the Festival Ballet.

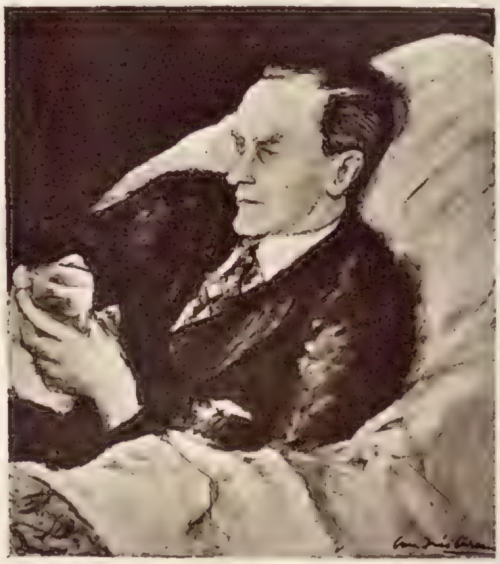
At the pre-view party Lady Rothermere stood beside her painting *Camellias.*

Lady Pamela Berry was with Douglas Fairbanks, Jnr., K.C.B., who shows a sketch of his famous father.

"PAINTING IS

THE lively show at the Trafford Gallery, Mount Street, admirably justifies its title, "Painting is a Pleasure," and shows that as with the "Sunday painters," many distinguished people find spare-time pleasure and solace in the creative arts. The manners differ very much, but the subjects chosen are, in the main, landscapes, though at least two portraits are on view—that of poet Peter Quennell (below) and another, not shown here, of "Bini," by Mrs. M. A. Dunne—a charming pug done in line and wash. Among the

Paris Street Scene ; by George Robey.



Peter Quennell ; by Ana Inez Carcano.

Water-hole, Gabatula Road, Kenya ; by H.R.H. the Duchess of Gloucester.

A PLEASURE"

painters represented are the Duchess of Gloucester and the Duchess of Kent, F.M. Lord Alexander, Colonel the Hon. J. J. Astor, sixteen-year-old Lord Brooke, the Duke of Marlborough, the Earl of Warwick, Food Minister Mr. Maurice Webb, plastic surgeon H. Elliott Blake, Miss Clemence Dane, Mr. Noël Coward, Mr. Edward G. Robinson—variety in all fields of distinction. With the exception of their Royal Highnesses' pictures, which are on loan, the collection will be auctioned at Christie's on July 6, to benefit Toc H.

Flowers; by Margaret Lady Birkenhead.

Terracotta Bust; by Lady Margaret Myddelton.

Pont de l'Alma; by Captain Edward Molyneux.

Lady St. Just admired the paintings, of which that below, right, is *View from the Chateau de Malbosc, Grasse*, by H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent.

At the party the Duke of Marlborough was posed by his *Casa Alma, Florida*, below, right.

Candid Cameo

GILBERT HARDING

By Kenneth Baily

BEWARE of the legend, if you would seek this man. . . .

The colourful Gilbert Harding seems to have been first noticed in Canada—as a B.B.C. representative wearing a racoon coat and deerstalker cap with extra large ear-flaps, and handing out a vinegary line of admonition to all snobs, suckers-up, phonies and dishonest tacticians. He made an impression all right. There are still taxidrivers in Toronto who will ask an English-accented fare: " Say, d'you know Gilbert Harding ? "

Ever since, B.B.C. people have been exchanging stories about him. People in the B.B.C. are clannish, however, and develop hero-complexes about any of their number who is astute, or stupid, enough to stand outside the general mode of B.B.C. smoothness and self-fun-making shop-talk.

But not all the magnificence and colour of Harding has been created by his devotees. One has only to be in a restaurant with him to recognise that the basic Harding will never be unnoticeable.

" What is THAT ? " he will boom, from a study of a menu. There is a mumble from the waiter, and the boom retorts louder, " Then why on earth can they not SAY so ? The name given it here is obviously a MERE justification for its GROSSLY-exaggerated price."

He is " a legend in his own lifetime," say his B.B.C. friends. All right—but fact and fiction become confused just as much in a contemporary legend as in an historic one. Harding's best quiz is the one he is perpetually presenting, in public and in private—" When am I myth and when am I me ? "

He can, of course, be both. Where the dividing line is I do not think he himself any longer knows. This can certainly be amusing. But also, sometime, it may provide a rather ironical pay-off.

There is the mythology of the public Harding, and the rather different one of the private Gilbert. Commercially it may be to his advantage to have public and friends think there is no difference. I think there is. To his public of listeners Harding is a welcome oracle, speaking wisdom which is supposed to outrage all who keep more prudent tongues in their heads. That this is fantasy is proved by his remaining a broadcaster for so long. The B.B.C. only allows its speakers to outrage public opinion once, and that is when they do it by mistake.

In " We Beg To Differ " Harding was doing it months on end. What he said then, about such homespun topics as crying babies in cinemas and husbands doing the wash-up, was what every listener wants to say. Rather than outraging them he kindled their sympathy. It is always the other, less open-minded guy, whom the listener thinks Harding is outraging ! He uninhibits his public, relieves it of its inherent fractiousness. This, he claims, is what he is for. The money and publicity it has won him must help him to believe that.

The myth of the private Gilbert is something of a blind, put up by his many devoted friends. It is there to hide what his affection for them has allowed them to see in him—his real dilemmas. So the stories about him become a little too obviously made-to-fit the pattern which loyalty to his confidences has built around the real Gilbert.

This big, bold figure of a man, with the big, bold conversational style to match, has an affection for people which can be embarrassingly tender. He will insult, wittily or clumsily, any of his friends. He will never cease being ready to help any whom he considers has need of his help.

He lumbers around the same gathering-places—the Bolivar, the George, Yarner's—seeking his audience of friends. The new acquaintance, the undiscerning, hearing his boom, watching his steam-roller progress parting all before it, assumes him to be self-sufficient, gloriously assured of himself and of where he is going. But when the old haunts are closed, the friends gone home, he can be one of the loneliest men in London. Then he wavers, and must wonder where he is going.

There are those dilemmas. The one of his bachelordom. . . . " I always envy the happily married ; I am glad to have escaped when I meet the other kind." He lives with his sister. Visits his mother in the country. Has women friends—homely women, business women, theatrical women, literary women. They love the wisp of pathos which trails behind the Big Bold Banterer.

There are the dilemmas of his past and future, which together perhaps make the major one of his present. Twelve careers in forty-four years. The majority ended when he insisted that his logic must prevail against the rules of the long-established experts who were his employers. Thus, for instance, his original interpretations of the law did not succeed when he wrote them in the charge-book as a policeman in Bradford.

The legend says that he has faced more B.B.C. Appointments Boards than anybody still allowed to earn money from the B.B.C. At all of them he did the interviewing. He once broadcast a commentary on the Changing of the Guard. (" It was *not* a commentary ; how can one *comment* on that ? It was a description.") When the B.B.C. offered him a job broadcasting to the Japanese, he decided that staff prospects at Broadcasting House were getting bizarre. He turned free-lance broadcaster, and found himself acquiring a good income—and another dilemma : " *After this, what for me ? What ?* "

The loss of his quiz-master's chair in " Twenty Questions," temporary though it may be, has haunted him, made him a victim of the B.B.C. occupational phobia, which sums itself up in the query : " What do THEY really think of me ? "

Why be so worried ? Why rely so much on broadcasting ? He says he is too lazy to finish any writing he starts—or too lonely to stand the silent study for long ? If he had a job of more focussed and abiding purpose, it might consume the hours to more lasting result. What *is* his ambition ? Now it is to be an actor. He has appeared in television. He would like to produce his own play. " It might fail—but who else need care ? " Others would, of course, be involved, and skating so airily over the factor perhaps points to his blind spot. Sometimes he recognises it and makes amends.

According to a story in the " legend," when a too-talkative hostess prevented him from holding the floor, he swept her Crown Doulton from the table. Next day he sent her a new set, with the card : " With my undying affection, Gilbert. It was monstrous of me." The key words are there—" affection " and " monstrous." Privately, the first will no doubt see him through. Publicly, the other may throw him out of view—if he remains at the mercy of that grandmotherly monopoly, the B.B.C.

★

Who . . . Me?

KENNETH BAILY perceived and saw much in a short time ; and he has been very kind.

The " legend " is a great nuisance—as hard to live up to as it is to live down. People *will* tell such highly-coloured stories. Sometimes I hear anecdotes about my behaviour of which even the bare ingredients are unrecognisable. I wish people wouldn't do it—I can supply all necessary (and unnecessary) exaggeration and invention myself. (I have never broken china nor could I afford a new set of " Crown Doulton," whatever that may be.)

Just for the record, I had no quarrel with the Bradford City Police, and, on my honourable discharge, my conduct was described as " exemplary." I wish that were still true.

Gilbert Harding

Photographed by Angus McBean.

THE MAN BEHIND THE LEGEND: GILBERT HARDING

OUR BOOKSHELF

by RUPERT CROFT-COOKE

A WAY THROUGH THE WOOD. By Nigel Balchin. (*Collins ; 10s. 6d.*)

ROUND THE BEND. By Nevil Shute. (*Heinemann ; 12s. 6d.*)

THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY. By Eden Phillpotts. (*Hutchinson ; 10s. 6d.*)

BELLS OF ALL NATIONS. By Ernest Morris. (*Hale ; 21s.*)

IT is lucky for the reviewer when two writers as suitably comparable as Mr. Nigel Balchin and Mr. Nevil Shute publish new novels at about the same time, for comparisons of this kind are very far from odious. Both are high-powered story-tellers who race across the landscape without much attention to the intimate and pleasant things about them. Both have attained great popularity during the last ten years. Both write efficiently and vigorously, with well-checked references and technical details correct and in place. Both—and this seems the most interesting common ground between them—are chiefly concerned with what used to be called the moral issue and now might less pretentiously be considered as the way a "decent chap" should behave in certain stressful circumstances.

Mr. Balchin's decent chap is a prosperous and prosy businessman called Jim Manning, who lives in a country village where he is deservedly president of the sports club. His story opens at a village fête, improbably taking place on Easter Monday, and we are introduced to his wife Jill and to the Honourable William Bule. Jill represents a variation on that familiar type, the suburban *femme fatale* ; she has been married to Jim for eleven years and still loves him, but is easily bored. Bule, known to Jim and Jill as the Honbil, is rather limp and indecisive but amiable enough in his way. Crisis comes when a man is killed by a motor-car in a lane near the Mannings' house and Jim discovers that the car was Bule's and the driver his wife. The police, of course, are anxious to discover the culprit ; so is the man's widow. So was Jim till he heard the truth, and from there his dilemmas begin to increase when he finds that his wife and Bule are lovers. Mr. Balchin tells very convincingly how Jim avoided letting the side down. He and Jill are both somewhat overdrawn as characters but real enough in essence.

MR. SHUTE'S Tom Cutter is up against something far more awkward. He faces not so much a single dilemma as the many small problems of a situation for which there are no precedents. He owns a small line of passenger and freight' planes operating in the East and finds that his chief ground mechanic is a Messiah with a large following. Pains have been taken to show that Cutter is a commonplace man without more imagination than is needed to build up a successful business. How does he take it when he hears of prayer-meetings round the hangar ? It is a legitimate and interesting question and might have been the basis of a good story, but unfortunately when a novelist creates a Messiah who teaches he must also explain something of his teachings, and it is here that the whole idea shrivels up, for such indications as Mr. Shute gives of his man's doctrine are fatuous to the point of embarrassment. Indeed, the whole book is—I am forced to use a harsh adjective—frankly silly and the more the author tries to fire it with his remarkable narrative energy, the sillier it becomes, and the three abortive love-affairs which he injects into the mass of it do little to save it. Moreover, Mr. Shute's Orientals come out of pigeon-holes and not from anywhere East of Suez. I should like to hope that for his next novel this entertaining writer will choose a theme that is within his considerable capacities.

G. K. CHESTERTON once pointed out that we still make our own fairylands, places where beings larger or smaller than life have their out-of-the-world existence. He gave as instances, I seem to remember, Oxford and Hollywood, whose inhabitants are something more than human beings to those who only read of their sunlit frolics. The Devonshire of Mr. Eden Phillpotts is like that—no English county that can be reached by car or train, but a lost Atlantis just under the turgid waters of recent events. In this island valley of Avilion live people too true to life to be quite human, with stories too perfectly tragic or comic to be merely true. And if it is remembered that the same thing might be said of Elsinore or Venice or the sea-coast of Bohemia, I find nothing outrageous in the comparison.

On the cliffs above the little town of Whyddon lived the retired merchant seaman, Captain Gordon Appleyard, his lifelong friend and former mate Abraham Guppy, and Gordon's niece Tabitha, who kept house for them. Then a neighbouring house is occupied by a young man and woman. Their intrusion leads first to difficult situations and finally to romance and murder. The story moves with the slowly-gathering impetus of a Hardy novel, while the rolling speeches of its people are more rhetorically coherent than human speech could ever be. His publishers say that Mr. Phillpotts is almost ninety years old. He still has great gusto, fresh inventiveness and the power to stir his readers.

LASTLY, a book of tremendous fascination for me and, I predict, for a great number of other readers who have no special knowledge of its subject. It is called *Bells of All Nations* and its author, Mr. Ernest Morris, not only seems omniscient on his subject, but is a most attractive writer about it. One soon realises what a vast subject it is and the very titles of the chapters seem to chime and tinkle, for the words used by the campanologist are both quaint and musical. "Bells and Cannon," "Jacks o' the Clock," "Chimes," "Carillons," "Signa," "Tintinnabula," "Bells of the Ocean," "Campaniles"; these seem to make a kind of poetry of their own. Mr. Morris writes of bells in Europe, Africa, the Far East as knowledgeably as of our own "Great George" in Liverpool Cathedral, "Great Peter" at York, "Hosanna" at Buckfast Abbey and "Great John" at Beverley Minster. He talks of Latten or waggon bells, of muffin bells and horse-collar bells, of Lloyd's Lutine bell and of the oldest bell in the world, which was found near Babylon and is 3000 years old. I recommend this study emphatically, not only as a comprehensive reference book but as a highly enjoyable entertainment.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE OXFORD COMPANION TO THE THEATRE.
Edited by Phyllis Hartnoll. (35s.)

"As a one-volume encyclopædia of the theatre in all countries and all periods this work can claim to be unique." The claim is valid. Although the editorial emphasis is on the theatre "as a living and corporate whole," it would be difficult to point out any aspect which has been neglected. The most surprising virtue of the book is its cheapness, for it contains articles by fifty experts, it has 900 pages and is bound in the familiar and excellent dark blue buckram used by its publishers for similarly comprehensive reference books.

CHIEF OF INTELLIGENCE.
By Ian Colvin. (*Gollancz ; 12s. 6d.*)

A clever discussion about Admiral Canaris. Was he a British agent ? His rôle in the Nazi hierarchy certainly had some curious aspects, apart from his part in the attempt on Hitler's life.

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.
A Life of Rabelais. By M. P. Willcocks.
(*Allen and Unwin ; 16s.*)

Miss Willcocks uses all the scanty material and all her own perspicacity to make Rabelais a recognisable human being. She succeeds.

THE BIG SHOW.
By Pierre Clostermann. (*Chatto and Windus ; 12s. 6d.*)

Of great documentary value, this account of the war in the air over Europe written by a Frenchman who gained the D.F.C. in the R.A.F. and has since become a Deputy, will interest those with knowledge of its subject rather than the general reader. Its day-to-day details lack continuity and cohesion.

IN THE WAKE OF DA GAMA.
By Genesta Hamilton. (*Skeffington ; 15s.*)

A colourful account of Portuguese discoveries and attempts at colonisation on the east coast of Africa.

VILLAGE STORY.
By Celia Buckmaster. (*Hogarth Press ; 9s. 6d.*)

At last ! A village novel about a village which could exist in England and people who might live in it. No romantic shepherds, no comic harvesters, no philosophic publicans, no tragic clergy, no masterful vicar's wife.

DON IDDON'S AMERICA.
Edited by Charles Sutton. (*Falcon Press ; 12s. 6d.*)

As a columnist Mr. Iddon is delightful and wickedly knowing. In book form his cleverness disintegrates into sparkling bits and pieces but remains readable.

Melvillainy

FAREWELL

NOW, just one moment, driver, while I do a little sum.
There 's six-and-ninepence showing as the fare.
I got in at Victoria : apparently you 've come
Via Wimbledon to get to Russell Square.

But never mind : the ride was most enjoyable, no doubt :
Except when you collided with that lorry.
And now you must have patience while I work the whole thing out :
I was never any good at maths., I 'm sorry.

Two-thirds of six-and-ninepence . . . if I 'd only brought my child,
Who is still at school, she 'd revel in the job.
But without a ready reckoner, division drives me wild—
And the meter 's now gone up to seven bob.

Seven twelves are eighty-four, so divide that by a third
And multiply by two—*then* add the tip.
I make it eight pounds nine and six, which clearly is absurd :
I 'm sorry, driver, but I 've made a slip.

I know I have my calculus and logarithms somewhere :
A taxi-ride is now a stiff exam.
Let x equal the mileage, and y the extra fare . . .
Then x plus y plus tip—that 's no good. *Damn!*

I 'm sorry to be stupid, but don't rush me, I implore.
Two-thirds of seven shillings . . . let me see.
One-third of seven shillings is (now, careful) two-and-four . . .
But the beastly thing 's now up to seven-and-three.

It 's easier in decimals, according to my friend
With whom I 've been most earnestly conferring.
So we 've worked it out on paper, and we find that in the end
The fare is two point seven nine recurring.

Well, that, of course, just *can't* be right. How *can* one tell the fare
While that wretched meter ticks and ticks and ticks ?
Give me paper ; give me pencil ; give me time ; and give me air—
Two-thirds of seven-and-three . . . *hell* !—seven-and-*six* ! . . .

Here, driver, take this one-pound-note . . . and, blast you ! keep the change.
In the higher mathematics I 'm a boob.
As it 's quicker and much cheaper and far simpler, I 'll arrange
To go next time to Russell Square by tube.

ALAN MELVILLE.

OXFORD WITH THE LID OFF

Arrival outside the Radcliffe Camera. Three undergraduate escorts, John Julius Cooper, son of Sir Duff and Lady Diana Cooper, Roger Barklam and " Bill " Shakespeare, meet two of the hostesses—Jacqueline Floor and Fleur Kirwan-Taylor.

Robert Irvine shows one of Oxford's attractive smaller Colleges, St. Edmund's Hall, to Mrs. Cuppage from Vancouver, and Lady Marye Rous.

Questions asked, answered, acquaintanceship ripens. L. to r.: Messrs. Stacey, Talbot-Rice, John Clark, a visitor, with Johnson and Cooper. Wren's Trinity Chapel in the background.

John (" Bill ") Shakespeare, related to the Bard, describes the tutorial system to his party, tells them stories of undergraduate life.

John Julius Cooper lunches two visitors in Long John's Restaurant, with its *fin de siècle* murals—a popular meeting-place for undergraduates.

In Magdalen, Christopher Johnson interrupts his studies to greet a visitor introduced by Robert Irvine. The lady was intrigued to find deer grazing just beneath the window.

OXFORD and its undergraduates are at last offering to visitors from abroad a taste of its real life. Tired of watching wearied groups of sightseers gaping at Oxford's numberless spires and pinnacles, Mr. Tom Stacey—recently down from Worcester College—has set up a Festival organisation enabling tourists to meet the ordinary undergraduates. During the trip from London through Maidenhead and Henley-on-Thames, visitors are under the care of young "coach-hostesses," friends of the undergraduates, and these girls, moving from seat to seat, relate the life histories and interests of the particular undergraduate escorts for that day. At Oxford the escorts take over and each with his little group sets about "introducing" Oxford to his new acquaintances. He takes them quietly to his rooms to meet his friends, gives them lunch at some Oxford restaurant. By this time the barriers of shyness are gone, and the visitors find themselves joining in the easy atmosphere of an Oxford coffee-party. They spend the afternoon in any way they like, in the company of their escort. Without compromising its unique personality, Oxford has found a way of sharing its charm and of diverting the aimless stranger from losing himself in a maze of history.

Specially photographed for "The Sketch" by Harold White.

After lunch, in an atmosphere of friendly informality, the visitors drink coffee in Roger Barklam's rooms in Trinity.

Brilliant athlete Christopher Chataway entertains two guests to coffee in a quiet corner in an undergraduate's rooms—Lalage Mais, daughter of S. P. B. Mais, and Jill Russell.

And music, too! Accompanying himself on his guitar, John Julius Cooper sings *The Borgia Orgy* to Mrs. Cuppage, John Clark and Joan Sitwell.

AT THE THEATRE.

Old Stagers

TAKE IT FROM US (Adelphi).
The babbling gossips of the air: Nichols, Edwards, Bentley.

THREE SISTERS (Aldwych).
Tchehov among the stars.

SEAGULLS OVER SORRENTO (Apollo).
The Navy 's here—with Ronald Shiner on an islet in the Orkneys.

KISS ME, KATE (Coliseum).
Reading from left to right: Cole Porter, Bella and Sam Spewack, William Shakespeare.

WHO IS SYLVIA? (Criterion).
Who indeed? Terence Rattigan has the answer, in three periods.

CAROUSEL (Drury Lane).
The Rodgers-Hammerstein musical is past its first anniversary.

WHO GOES THERE! (Duke of York's).
An Irish chambermaid, a Guardsman, a diplomatist, a "Grace and Favour" house . . .

TO DOROTHY, A SON (Garrick).
Yolande Donlan drops in on her first husband at an awkward moment.

RING ROUND THE MOON (Globe).
One of London's two plays from the French. This is adapted by Christopher Fry.

WATERS OF THE MOON (Haymarket).
New Year's Eve in a Dartmoor guest-house, with Dame Sybil and Dame Edith.

BLUE FOR A BOY (His Majesty's).
Fred Emney and Richard Hearne as Lords of Misrule.

THE LITTLE HUT (Lyric).
Another comedy from the French: Robert Morley as a castaway.

HAMLET (New).
Guinness version. Ends June 30.

KING'S RHAPSODY (Palace).
Ivor Novello's romantic musical play, splendidly cast.

HIS EXCELLENCY (Piccadilly).
H.E. the Governor of Salva, in the Mediterranean, is Donald Wolfit. Ends June 23.

MAN AND SUPERMAN (Princes).
Clements, Hammond and Shaw. And, on Saturdays, the uncut play: five hours of it.

FANCY FREE (Prince of Wales).
Trinder-of-the-chin, with Pat Kirkwood in a boisterous revue.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA and CÆSAR AND CLEOPATRA (St. James's).
The Oliviers at the top of the Festival theatre.

GAY'S THE WORD (Saville).
With Cicely Courtneidge to sustain the gaiety.

WILL ANY GENTLEMAN? (Strand).
Chasing the Hare.

THE LOVE OF FOUR COLONELS (Wyndham's).
The Sleeping Beauty—new style.

★ First Choice ★

THE LYRIC REVUE

(*Lyric, Hammersmith*).

I AM afraid this will be a gloomy notice for those who like a drama critic to be a blend of wasp and scorpion. Let me reach the point at once. Here is the best intimate revue we have had since the Herbert Farjeon series at the Little, with which it has a link in the presence of the blandly informative, toothily genial George Benson. Where so much is good, one has to work in the manner of the Dickensian Mrs. Todgers, who went "a-dodgin' among the tender bits with a fork, and an-eatin' of 'em."

Writing at first without my programme, I remember the sight of Joan Heal as she tries, under difficulties, to be arch in a sedan-chair that does everything but bite; Dora Bryan as a sulky Freudian Cinderella, curiously-accented; Joan Heal again, happily self-torturing, as the woman who wants to see Britain; George Benson, explaining to us with great care how to scoop; Graham Payn in an Irish song; and Irlin Hall as Manet's famous barmaid *aux Folies-Bergère*, here longing for her native Brittany. This number has been singing in my mind ever since the first night. Miss Hall is a considerable artist and she has the benefit of a number (by Gerard Bryant and Charles Zwar) that is far above the usual revue level. Or would be in any other revue but this. I reach helplessly for my programme and find how much is still left to say.

For one thing, I have not mentioned "Ornamental Orientals," in which the willow-pattern pair (Joan Heal and Graham Payn) become "export rejects" because the designer has left out the bird. And I have not mentioned the scene in which Dora Bryan is a sulky moppet of a child film-star, or that other sketch in which George Benson, as a trio of incompetent schoolmasters, shows that the readiness is all, or the Noël Coward song which entreats us not to make fun of the fair. I give up: in its precision, brevity (nothing goes on too long), its style, its good temper and its lack of parochialism and mere topical dithering, this revue is a major event in its own line.

If I have to pinprick, I can suggest that "Open House," the sketch of a castle-on-view, is not up to Arthur Macrae's other work: it would be excellent anywhere else. Macrae is the commander of the revue's battalion of authors; his wit has not been crisper. Think only of that number—music by Donald Swann—in which Ibsen's *Ghosts* suddenly becomes light entertainment. A warm salute, finally, to William Chappell, who has directed the whole affair. (And now, *can't* the fellow find something to hate! . . .)

George Benson in "Ignorance is Bliss" with
GRIFF at the

. . with J. C. TREWIN

THE HOLLOW
(Fortune)

IF this play had arrived twenty-five years ago, when every second piece seemed to be a cross-word of crime, it might not have been so agreeable. But "whodunnits" are far less frequent in the theatre nowadays, and this one is by Agatha Christie, who knows her job to a hair. True, the first act worried me. It was clear enough that the too-amorous doctor would be murdered, and I waited anxiously for the shot. It did not come. Mrs. Christie left the man alive in her country-house-cum-shooting-gallery until the second act: then, of a sudden, everything went with a bang. I do not propose to say anything more of the plot except to murmur that it is a device of fiendish ingenuity. No doubt, the other fiends who solve crossword anagrams on sight will scratch the answer smugly on their programmes and settle down to wait for corroboration. But I am never any good at anagrams: Mrs. Christie has me well beaten here. I must be cautious in speaking of the cast. You will find no clues in the careful statement that Jeanne de Casalis (fluttering her way through the night), Jessica Spencer, Joan Newell and Beryl Baxter are all in the proper spirit. Martin Wyldeck is a detective credibly from Scotland Yard instead of being an eccentric Albanian. Something original, I believe.

THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR
(Old Vic)

THIS is one of the very few Shakespearean plays to which I go without marked enthusiasm. Yet it always conquers me within the first five minutes. After all, it is an ingratiating business that does not pretend to be more than it is: a rumble-bumble late-Elizabethan farce, with a fat old knight (claiming to be Falstaff) at its centre and a cloud of character-parts about him. In the past I have often seen the lesser characters—Shallow, Slender, Caius, Evans and the rest—acted execrably. The piece, when it is forced, collapses, and the Merry Wives themselves can be intolerable when they are caught up in gales of synthetic merriment. Fortunately, there is little to trouble us in Hugh Hunt's revival at the Old Vic. Roger Livesey, the Falstaff, goes heartily into the fray and he has developed a most athletic buck-basket bounce. The wives (Peggy Ashcroft and Ursula Jeans) are lively and charming without any veneer of skittishness; and Alec Clunes, in a furious twitching bristle, is the richest Ford I have met since Ernest Milton acted the part in the provinces long ago. As for the lesser Windsor folk: no complaints, or very few: I do not much like the Quickly and the Caius, and the few lines of poetry in the farce are tossed clean away.

Next Stage

YET another major production in London's remarkable Festival season will be *The Winter's Tale*. It is now known that the West End will have this before Edinburgh. Tennents are presenting the Peter Brook revival at the Phœnix Theatre on June 27, with John Gielgud as Leontes—a part he has not played before—Diana Wynyard as Hermione, Flora Robson as Paulina, and Sir Lewis Casson as Antigonus. The décor is by Sophie Fedorovitch, and many people will be surprised to hear that Christopher Fry has composed music for the songs.

A second important fixture is the revival of Pinero's *His House in Order*. Godfrey Tearle, whom everyone congratulates on his knighthood, will appear in the Alexander part of Hilary Jesson at the New Theatre on July 9.

THE CHRISTIES

Dorothy and Campbell Christie, the authors of *His Excellency*, who have had three West End successes, will have another first night to-morrow, June 21. Their play, *Come Live With Me*, opens at the Vaudeville with Jessie Royce Landis as a romantic intriguer, a former opera singer, and Francis Lister as her husband, a diplomatist.

AN ARTS TRIO

Peter Ustinov, Christopher Fry, and Alec Clunes had to judge 997 plays in the Arts Theatre Club's play competition for the Festival of Britain. They have now chosen three which will be presented at the Arts consecutively for three weeks each, from July 18, and they will make their final choice and award the £700 prize after the plays have been seen in performance. The trio are Enid Bagnold's *Poor Judas*, C. E. Webber's *Right Side Up*, and John Whiting's *Saint's Day*.

ANOTHER FESTIVAL

Teams from Aberdeen, Glasgow, Twickenham, Hereford and Manchester will appear at the Scala on June 25 in the final of the British Drama League's National Festival of Community Drama: the zenith of the amateur season. Norman Marshall, Angela Baddeley, and Douglass Montgomery are the judges, and Lord Howard de Walden will present the cup.

GETTING AROUND

Laurier Lister's intimate revue, *Penny Plain*, with Joyce Grenfell and Elizabeth Welch, begins at the St. Martin's on June 28. . . . The third triple bill of Shavian one-acters opens at the Arts to-night (June 20). . . . *Seagulls Over Sorrento* has had its first birthday at the Apollo. . . . The run of *A Pin to See the Peepshow* (New Boltons) has been extended. . . . George Shiels's *The Passing Day*, produced by Tyrone Guthrie, will reach the West End on July 3 (Ambassadors), acted by the Northern Ireland Festival Company that played it at Hammersmith.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO . .

W.R.A.F. SERGEANT PEGGY DUNCAN : For being the first woman ever to ride in the Royal Tournament.

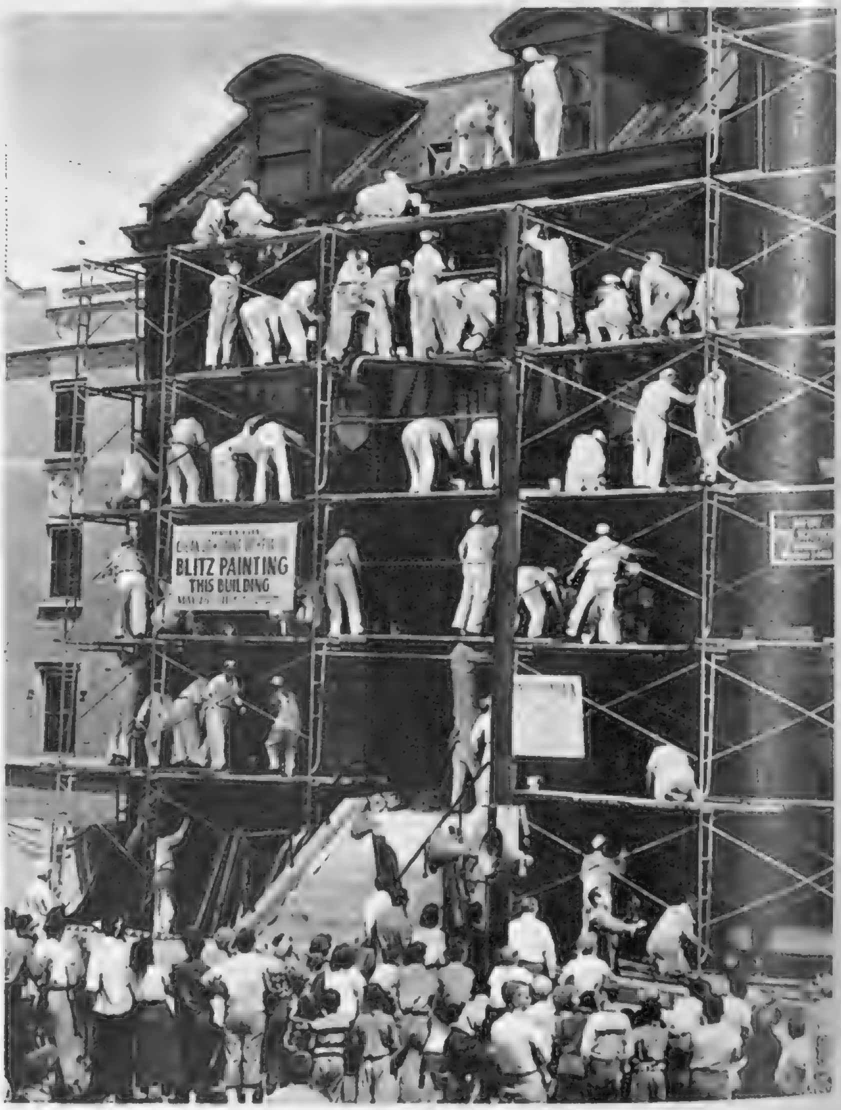
WHEN Sergeant Duncan put her name down for the Inter-Services Jumping Competition in the Royal Tournament she created a precedent ; set officials a poser. Never before in the Tournament's sixty years' history had such a suggestion arisen. Thumbing through regulations, however, officialdom could find no rule debarring a woman from competing, so she was entered and is able to take her horse *Rowsham* over the hurdles at Earls Court.

LORNA CORNELL : For being England's own " Gorgeous Gussie "—panties and all.

HERE, in the outfit which she will wear at Wimbledon, is Miss Cornell, two years' holder of the British Junior lawn-tennis title. The panties, short sleeves, dress hem are all amusingly serrated, and the designer—Teddy Tinling—was also American Miss Moran's designer.

MARKET GARDENER MR. GUISE : For going the whole hog, as it were, in the way of a scarecrow.

FOR years we have hopefully hung dangling cats' heads with eyes a-glitter on poles in our gardens, and among the crops to scare away the birds. Mr. Guise, of Evesham, Worcs., however—no believer in half-measures—has a complete over-lifesize puss in sheet-iron to guard his crops. This terrible creature revolving in the breeze scares feathered marauders in a manner even more satisfactory.



THESE HOUSE-PAINTERS of Jersey City, N.J. : For painting the front of a building in the record time of 7 min. 2 sec.

HOW we long for an army of such speed-workers in England, where record times of this sort are all but washed-up ! A large admiring crowd gathered to watch the men as they blitz-painted the Whittier House Boys' Club, establishing a new record and satisfying everybody concerned.

. . . AND WE WELCOME

Photographed by John Sarsfield.

TYRONE GUTHRIE,

on his return to the Old Vic as its new Manager.

MR. GUTHRIE'S appointment as manager of the famous Old Vic Theatre—an entirely new job following a reshuffle, may help in some measure to soften the blow of certain distinguished resignations. He administered the Old Vic and Sadler's Wells from 1939 to 1942 and for three further years shared the burden with Sir Bronson Albery, after which he resigned. Tyrone Guthrie is best known as a brilliant producer of great imagination and experience. He is live and alert—a real artist who gives his own vivid touch to any production he undertakes. Those who saw his *Henry VIII* at Stratford will never forget the hustle and dash of that entertainment; nor his impressionistic *Carmen* at Sadler's Wells.

Arthur Wontner, one of the few major actors of the Edwardian stage still delighting audiences with his polished performances—his first West End appearance was at the old Globe Theatre in 1898—is also one of the most versatile personalities of stage and screen. Latterly, he has shown that the entirely new technique of Television Drama has no terrors for an artist of his calibre and experience and his services are in considerable demand.

Shadow of the Tree, an interesting if not altogether mature play from Canada by Joseph Schull, was televised recently. Here Budd Knapp is seen in a strong scene with Barbara Kelly, who is proving herself a fine dramatic actress.

TELEVISION

by CYRIL BUTCHER

LOOKING AROUND

PERHAPS our congratulations are on the tardy side, but they are nevertheless sincere. For recently that brilliant producer Michael Barry was appointed Assistant Head of Drama (Television), which means that he is now responsible for the Thespian emissions from Alexandra Palace and Lime Grove, while Val Gielgud has resumed his reign—interrupted for eighteen months—as overall Head of B.B.C. Drama.

At the same time, we feel a little sad about it, even though we would not for a minute have it otherwise. For, gratifying as it may be that this position should be given to one who knows his job as expertly as Mr. Barry, its administrative commitments will inevitably make him far too busy a man to do much in the way of producing in the future. And that 's a pity, for a Michael Barry production is generally something of which television can be proud. However, if his great talents are to be diluted due to his new office as Presiding Genius, television drama cannot help but be benevolently affected by them, so the future really looks roseate.

Over a couple of drinks at his club, Michael Barry and ourself had a lengthy chew over what that future is to be. Naturally, anyone taking over a department is duty bound to have a Great Plan, and he is grappling very seriously with his. Barry's problem is considerably different from the one which faced Val Gielgud at the beginning of 1950. Then television drama, which for some months had been a baby without a daddy, was in a " state of chaos " and an enraged Press and public were howling their protest at Ally Pally's " gloomy plays " (very fine some of them were, too). Now the department is—or seems to be—in apple-pie order. The range of plays presented caters for a considerable divergence of taste. From children to the ultra-sophisticates, everyone is served. Nor is there much wrong in the way the plays are done. The team of producers is an extremely able one, composed of expert veterans and most promising newcomers. The standard of acting is very high indeed, and becoming increasingly exciting as more and more of our leading players turn toward the medium. Yes, television drama is a going concern.

However, in turning the department over, Mr. Gielgud must have felt disappointment that his efforts to attract original plays for television had not met with greater success. That the medium is desperately in need of such plays is a matter upon which everyone agrees. How to get them is a more controversial business. The chief difficulty, of course, is finance. The author is paid on a time basis, and for a ninety-minutes play, written specially for television, can expect around £140. For a stage play of similar length the figure is in the neighbourhood of £70 per performance. In neither case is the reward likely to cause the established dramatist to palpitate with eagerness.

By the way, we except from the above remarks plays like those commissioned from our top dramatists for the Festival period. The standard fee in these cases has been considerably exceeded, but rumour says they 're worth every penny of the extra.

Michael Barry intends to solve the problem in a different way. " I 'm pinning my faith in the young writer—and I don't mean the young in years but the young in heart," he told us. " I 'm looking for the writers who are excited by television, who have faith in it and who are willing to take a chance." That sort of statement will inevitably let loose about his head an avalanche of scripts from the Young in Heart, most of them completely useless. But here and there will be one with a good idea but amateurishly written. Normally this sort of play would be turned down and the idea lost. But now Mr. Barry is developing a script department which will doctor it and turn it into something actable. It will also cope with the adaptation for television and the preparation of the shooting script of most other plays—a job which hitherto has taken up far too much of the producer's time. It is *not* the intention arbitrarily to mess about with author's work, as has been reported elsewhere.

So we wish Mr. Barry much luck. His appetite for plays is voracious—100–150 a year—so there are plenty of opportunities for the Young in Heart. We wish *them* luck, too.

Hugh Sinclair as Dr. Clitterhouse, the scientific crook, gives instructions to his assistants, played by Susan Shaw, Charles Farrell, Richard Caldicott and Alexander Field. A scene from Barre Lyndon's thriller, *The Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse*.

The Way of the World, William Congreve's great comedy, was the second of the special Festival play productions. Here Sonia Dresdel and Griffith Jones are shown in the final scene as the lovers, Mrs. Millament and Mirabel.

LOOKING BACK

To what extent should a critic ignore the technical deficiencies of a performance? He is expected to pounce upon bad acting, writing or producing. What about the technical hitches that periodically interrupt proceedings and are so blandly passed off as being " beyond our control " ? We hold that if they seriously interfere with the effectiveness of a programme, then the engineers are just as culpable as the bad actor, writer or producer. So the work of whoever was responsible for the vision side of Eric Fawcett's production of Gian-Carlo Menotti's opera *The Consul* can only be described as—well, unfortunate. The flickering distortions of shot after shot were apologised for and described as a " little trouble," but the ludicrous effect they gave could easily have destroyed the serious treatment of a serious theme. That they did not is all the more credit to Mr. Fawcett's able transposition of the opera to television and to the wonderful performances of Patricia Neway and the rest of the same cast who recently performed *The Consul* in the West End. Also a tribute to the sound-engineers, who achieved the best musical balance we have yet heard from television opera.

Barre Lyndon's *The Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse*, in spite of its glossy coat of intellectualism, is *au fond* a very efficient thriller. Producer Harold Clayton wisely treated it in that vein, and concentrated on action and suspense. His was also a model piece of casting, as each of the characters, pleasant and unpleasant, were all colourfully played. Hugh Sinclair, Susan Shaw and Richard Caldicott carried most of the weight.

The second of the special Festival plays took us back to the Restoration, with Congreve's *The Way of the World*, an outspoken frolic and one of the great English comedies. In the hands of such a distinguished company of players as Sonia Dresdel, Margaretta Scott, Agnes Lauchlan, Alan Wheatley, Griffith Jones and others, with Stephen Harrison in the producer's chair, the evening was a really delicious one. But was one a shade conscious of television's limitations ? Did one long for the wider spaces of the stage ? Would colour have given the eye an extra grain of pleasure ? We think so, but we are not complaining.

Shadow of the Tree, by Joseph Schull, is chiefly interesting in that it comes from a Canadian pen—a country which has yet to make its mark in dramatic literature. Coming from a young country it is, not surprisingly, the sort of play one might expect from a gifted undergraduate. It has a good command of the language, and its theme is one of those " let 's-put-the-world-to-rights " stories about a somewhat Chekhovian family. Personally, we were held spellbound, not by what would happen to the characters, but from curiosity as to how maddeningly irritating they all could get without exploding. However, it proved that those Bradens, Barbara and Bernard, are not only comics but very, very fine dramatic performers.

LOOKING AHEAD

We are most delighted to welcome among the new writers for television our colleague C. A. Lejeune. Some months ago she suggested, in the *Sunday Times*, a series to be made out of Conan Doyle's Sherlock Holmes stories, with Alan Wheatley as Holmes. Being one of those people who not only make suggestions but do something about them, she has written a series of six 45-minuters which are scheduled for the autumn, with Wheatley heavily backed for the lead.

Another series—weekly for six Saturday nights, beginning June 30 —is *The Inch Man*, a serial about a young Canadian who takes a job as a hotel house detective. No cast fixed yet, but we hear that Lana Morris will be staying at the hotel for the first programme. Ronnie Waldman and Leslie Jackson are to produce. Script by Lester Powell. Mr. Waldman, by the way, has arranged for the Cambridge Footlights Society to give a half-hour excerpt from their current revue on July 4.

O.B.s are going to Cambridge from July 3 for the Royal Agricultural Show, and on the next day to St. Paul's for a service commemorating America's 28,000 war dead, and dedicating in the presence of their Majesties the American Memorial Chapel and the Roll of Honour presented by General Dwight Eisenhower.

The July Festival play, *The Final Test*, by Terence Rattigan, originally scheduled for July 1 and 5, has been postponed to a later date to give more time for careful preparation. Royston Morley is to produce.

OUR CRITIC'S CHOICE

Patricia Neway, whose performance as Magda Sorel, tragic Iron Curtain woman who fights bureaucracy for a visa to join her husband, will long be remembered.

Cyril Bitter[illegible]

Photographed by Roger Wood.

PRELUDE TO GLYNDEBOURNE

MUSIC-LOVERS are enchanted by the fact that to-night, June 20, the Glyndebourne Festival reopens with a season of Mozart operas, running till July 21. Here, in the hall of his lovely Sussex house, a preliminary discussion between those responsible for its smooth production: Mr. John Christie, founder of the Festival, stands beside Carl Ebert, producer, and on the left is Mrs. Christie with conductor Fritz Busch. The four operas to be performed start with *Idomeneo*, with décor by Oliver Messel. There is to be a new production of *Don Giovanni*, with décor by John Piper; and *Figaro* and *Cosi fan Tutte* complete the quartet. Among the distinguished singers are sopranos Sena Jurinac, Lisa della Casa and tenor Richard Lewis. During the long interval, dinner will be served in the restaurant as always and if the weather holds, guests will wander in Mr. Christie's fine grounds among the flowers and trees.

RADIO.—Audrey Russell : For the skill of her commentary on the arrival of the King of Norway and on many another splendid occasion.

Frederick Laws

SCREEN.—Alastair Sim, Rector of Edinburgh University and leading comic of the British screen ; cap and bells and cap and gown, for the delight he gives us in *Laughter in Paradise* as an incident involved in the distasteful task of law-breaking.

C A Lejeune

STAGE.—Joan Heal : For her agonies in a sedan chair in one of the happiest numbers of that happy entertainment, *The Lyric Revue*, at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith.

J. C. Trewin

LITERATURE.—Eden Phillpotts, who in his late eighties, writes with all his zest and cunning a fine novel, *Through a Glass Darkly*.

CHOICE OF THE MONTH

Selected by our Panel of Experts

"LAUGHTER IN PARADISE."—Despite humiliating conditions in the Will of a practical joker relative, trustee Ernest Thesiger (left) persuades the four Russell beneficiaries—Simon (Guy Middleton), Deniston (Alastair Sim), Agnes (Fay Compton) and Herbert (George Cole) to drink a toast to his memory.

★ ★ ★ AT THE

REVIEWS *by C. A. LEJEUNE*

"LAUGHTER IN PARADISE"

IN the monograph I propose to write some day on the hundred most popular plot-devices in fiction, high precedence must be given to the Will; missing, contentious, comic or inciting to murder.

The will in *Laughter in Paradise* belongs to the comedy group. Henry Augustus Russell, a practical joker whose pranks, during his lifetime, "time and again shook officialdom to its foundations," plays his crowning practical joke on his deathbed. He leaves his fortune to his four surviving relatives, under certain humiliating conditions. Sister Agnes (Fay Compton), a soured and snobbish spinster who bullies her staff disgracefully, has to hold down a position for a month as a domestic servant. Cousin Simon (Guy Middleton), a philanderer and a playboy, has to marry the first woman he speaks to. Cousin Herbert (George Cole), a timid bank clerk without enough guts to say boo to a rabbit, must force the bank manager to hand over the keys of the safe at the point of a toy pistol. Cousin Deniston (Alastair Sim), who writes shilling shockers in secret under such pseudonyms as Jeremy Saint Clare and Gloria Trubshawe, and is nervously engaged to "an officer and a lady" (Joyce Grenfell) with a fiery old judge for a father, must commit some breach of the peace that will earn him a gaol sentence of twenty-eight days precisely.

The picture, which has a neat twist in its tail, is devoted to the working out of these conditions. The main trouble with most omnibus works is that one is bound to have favourites among the sections and it is disappointing when some character to whom one has become attached disappears from the scene for ever. This objection doesn't hold good in the case of *Laughter in Paradise*, in which the four stories are told concurrently, in the style of Dickens or D. W. Griffith's early omnibus film, *Intolerance*.

One still has favourites, of course, and waits with some impatience for the picture to come back to them. In the meantime, there is always the chance that a character from one section may turn up fortuitously in another sequence. Thus, Alastair Sim lends Mr. Cole a work on the mechanics of bank robbery, and himself tries to borrow Mr. Middleton's flat for a spot of modest housebreaking.

In most people's memory, Mr. Sim will remain the heart and triumph of the picture. What a wonderful performer the man is! Never on the screen, I think, has his timing been more exact, his character more firmly established, nor his comedy drier. It is an education in acting to watch the gravity with which he short-lists and ponders the lesser crimes—"Car-stealing? Yes, that might be excellent. . . . Bag-snatching, yes. . . . Shop-lifting, good. . . . Stripping lead from churches? Oh, no, no, no, no . . ." and his frustrated attempts to hurl a brick through a plate-glass window are a sheer delight. It may well be that his long theatre association with George Cole has taught the younger man many useful tricks; at all events, young Mr. Cole is not far short of the master in Sim's own impeccable style. Fay Compton and Guy Middleton do well in their own sections but are hampered by too much inexpert youth about the place.

★

"MACBETH"

THE Orson Welles *Macbeth* may easily have profited by the long delay in showing it in this country. The hesitation to present it here, the nervousness with which it has been passed from hand to hand for several years, have led us to expect a catastrophe which, in fact, it is not. I fancy that most people's reaction will be the one I heard voiced all round me after the Press-show. "What was all the fuss about? It isn't as bad as I thought." Bad in many ways it is; in parts, very bad; but even at its worst it is not without originality and a certain power.

The producer has rested more on the camera than on the text. The lines have been cut, transposed and rearranged, presumably to suit the pictures. Mr. Welles has an imaginative way with a camera; his stark and gloomy settings, his banks of drifting fog, his clouded and shadowed close-ups and the frequently foreshortened figures, shot from low levels so that their curves seem grotesque and monstrous, set and maintain a proper mood for tragedy.

Not everyone will care for the eerie, draughty Gothic settings—a little reminiscent of German films of the great silent period—but nobody can deny their consistency of style. Had the acting and delivery of lines been half so consistent, *Macbeth* might have come out as a far more impressive picture. The intermittent attempts at a vague Scottish accent by most of the actors, including the star, does not help; but the production's main fault is that both Orson Welles and his leading lady, Jeanette Nolan, tend to deliver Shakespeare in horrid little chewed-up morsels.

In the few blessed moments towards the end when Mr. Welles speaks the lines as though he were hearing music with the inner ear, instead of listening entranced to the volume of his own voice, he is very, very good indeed. Miss Nolan's Lady Macbeth, I'm afraid, doesn't give her partner much support, and the sleep-walking scene, ending in an eldritch scream and a sensational suicide, is just about the worst performance, professional or amateur, by grown-ups or schoolchildren, I have *ever* witnessed.

FILMS IN BRIEF

"OF MEN AND MUSIC."—A film concert in four parts, with popular contributions by pianist Artur Rubinstein, opera singers Jan Peerce and Nadine Connor, violinist Jascha Heifetz, and conductor Dimitri Mitropoulos (with the New York Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra). The Heifetz section alone is worth the price of admission.

"BONAVENTURE."—A nun in an East Anglian convent turns detective, and proves the innocence of a girl being taken to Norwich Gaol for hanging. The British play was simple and silly; the Hollywood film is complex and much sillier. The sympathies of this column are extended to Claudette Colbert, Ann Gwynn and other members of the cast.

"MIDNIGHT EPISODE."—Utility British version of the French film *Monsieur La Souris*, with Stanley Holloway as an old scoundrel of a London busker who gets involved in murder. Mr. Holloway is no Raimu, but he has his own style of seedy splendour.

"CALL ME MISTER."—Routine Technicolor Betty Grable-Dan Dailey musical, set in post-war Japan, where homesick American troops are apparently hungry even for tasteless forms of entertainment.

"MACBETH."—Orson Welles's imaginative and original screen treatment of Shakespeare in a Republic picture. Here is Orson Welles as Macbeth, Edgar Barrier as Banquo, a soldier, Erskine Sanford as Duncan, King of Scotland, and Roddy McDowall as Malcolm, his son.

CINEMA ★ ★ ★

PREVIEW

NO *RESTING PLACE* is an unusual picture directed by Paul Rotha in a frank attempt to produce a film in the realistic Continental style. It has been made entirely on location in Ireland with an all-Irish cast. There are no big star names ; the leading rôles are taken by stage actors Michael Gough, Noel Purcell and Dublin actress Eithne Dunne. Other parts are played by members of the Irish stage and, in many cases, by local people in scenes with authentic settings. The story, a simple one, adapted from the novel by Ian Niall, is of a feud between a Civic Guard, Mannigan, and an itinerant tinker, Alec Kyle. Alec has accidentally killed a gamekeeper and the man's death becomes an obsession with Mannigan, so that he subjects Alec to a relentless persecution. The film is due to have its première at the Rialto, Coventry Street, towards the end of July.

Right: The tinker, Alec Kyle (Michael Gough), with his wife, Meg (Eithne Dunne).

Below: Alec tries to pick a quarrel with Guard Mannigan (Noel Purcell, left, with glass in hand) in O'Riordan's public house.

WHAT GOES ON

Coming Events and Interesting Personalities

SPORTING AND OTHER EVENTS

June 21. Second Test Match, England *v.* S. Africa, at Lord's (five days).

June 23. Athletics, Harvard and Yale: Oxford and Cambridge, at White City Stadium.

June 25. International Lawn Tennis Championships at Wimbledon, until July 7.

June 26. First July Race Meeting at Newmarket (four days).

June 29. National Rose Society Summer Show at Royal Horticultural Hall, London.

July 2. British Open Golf Championships at Royal Portrush, N. Ireland (six days).

July 3. Royal Agricultural Society of England Show at Cambridge (four days).

July 4. Henley Royal Regatta at Henley-on-Thames (four days).

July 5. Third Test Match, England *v.* S. Africa, at Old Trafford, Manchester (five days).

July 7. Oxford and Cambridge Cricket Match at Lord's (three days).

July 9. Annual Prize Meeting of the National Rifle Association at Bisley; until July 21. International Lawn Tennis Club's week at Devonshire Park, Eastbourne; until July 14. The Croquet Championships at Roehampton Club.

July 12-14. Aldershot Show.

July 13, 14. Eton and Harrow Cricket Match at Lord's.

July 14. Motor Racing: Grand Prix of Great Britain at Silverstone, Northants.

July 17. Second July Race Meeting at Newmarket (three days).

July 18. Gentlemen *v.* Players Cricket Match at Lord's (three days).

July 20. Ascot Heath Race Meeting, King George VI. and Queen Elizabeth Stakes (two days).

July 23. International Horse Show at White City, London (six days).

July 26. Fourth Test Match, England *v.* S. Africa, at Leeds (five days).

July 27. Annual "Sporting" Clay Pigeon Shooting Championship of Great Britain at Northolt, Middlesex (two days).

July 29. Solent Yachting Fortnight at Cowes, Isle of Wight; until Aug. 14.

July 31. Goodwood Race Meeting (four days).

Aug. 7-10. Cowes Regatta Week. Dublin Horse Show.

Aug. 16. Fifth Test Match, England *v.* S. Africa, at the Oval (five days).

FESTIVALS AND EXHIBITIONS

South Bank Exhibition, London; until Sept. 30.

Festival Pleasure Gardens in Battersea Park, London; until Oct. 31.

Centenary Exhibition of the 1851 Exhibition, at Victoria and Albert Museum, London; until Oct. 11.

Annual Festival of British Contemporary Music at Cheltenham; until July 14.

Mozart Opera Festival at Glyndebourne, Sussex; until July 21.

Regency Festival at Brighton; July 16 to Aug. 25.

Canterbury Festival; July 18 to Aug. 10.

Liverpool Festival of Music and the Arts; July 22 to Aug. 12.

Cambridge Festival; July 30 to Aug. 18.

Aberdeen Festival; July 30 to Aug. 13.

Royal National Eisteddfod at Llanrwst, Denbighshire; Aug. 6-11.

Edinburgh International Festival of Music and Drama; Aug. 19 to Sept. 8.

ENTERTAINMENT

"Breach of Marriage" (Scala)—revival of Dan Sutherland's play for three weeks from June 14 before going to America.

"Come Live With Me" (Vaudeville)—a new play by Dorothy and Campbell Christie, with Jessie Royce-Landis, Francis Lister, Joy Shelton and Jack Watling. June 21.

"Penny Plain" (St. Martin's)—intimate revue, with Joyce Grenfell, Max Adrian, Elisabeth Welch, Desmond Walter-Ellis. June 28.

"The Tempest" (Memorial Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon)—Festival production, June 26.

Sadler's Wells Ballet returns to Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, on July 3, for a further season.

"Rose-Marie on Ice" (Harringay Arena)—Barbara-Ann Scott and cast of 200. July 5. Revival of last year's successful skating show.

"His House in Order" (New)—revival of Pinero's play, with Godfrey Tearle, Mary Kerridge and Sebastian Shaw. July 9.

SOCIAL EVENTS

June 27. The Midsummer Festival Ball, in aid of the National Association of Girls' Clubs and Mixed Clubs, at the Dorchester. Princess Elizabeth will attend.

June 28. The première of the film "The Lavender Hill Mob," in aid of the centenary funds of St. John's School, Leatherhead, at the Odeon, Marble Arch.

July 2. The annual N.S.P.C.C. Ball at the Dorchester. Champagne dinner, cabaret, midnight buffet, Bill Savill's band; tickets—three guineas.

July 3. A Ball at the Savoy in aid of the Educational Fund Appeal of the Royal College of Nursing. Princess Elizabeth will attend.

July 4. Royal Military Academy Ball at Sandhurst. Princess Elizabeth will attend.

July 9. A Dinner-Ball at the Dorchester in aid of the Soldiers', Sailors' and Airmen's Families Association. A fanfare by the Life Guards; reels played by the Scots Guards, and other dancing to Carroll Gibbons' band.

July 9. A Festival gala performance of Sadler's Wells' Ballet at the Royal Opera House, in aid of Sadler's Wells' Ballet Benevolent Fund. The Queen will attend.

July 12. A Ball at the Royal Air Force Staff College, Bracknell. The Duchess of Gloucester will attend.

July 13. The Eton Beagle Hunt Ball at the Savoy. The Hurlingham Ball at Hurlingham Club.

July 20. The Guards Boat Club Festival of Britain Ball at Maidenhead.

July 26. A gala performance by the International Ballet Company at the Festival Hall, in aid of the National Association of Girls' Clubs and Mixed Clubs. The Duchess of Kent will attend.

Harlip

TO BE MARRIED: In July, Gillian Pamela, daughter, of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. J. V. Hughes-Hallett, The Lordship, Much Hadham, Herts., to Iain, son of the late Major W. Buchanan, M.C., and of Mrs. Buchanan, Northend House, Stansted, Essex.

Pearl Freeman.

ENGAGED: Miss Wytchy Macdonald, daughter of the late Col. K. Macdonald, and of Mrs. Macdonald, of Tote, Isle of Skye, to Lt.-Col. Patrick Tweedie, O.B.E., son of the late Col. W. Tweedie, and of Mrs. Tweedie.

Fayer.

TO BE MARRIED: Next month, Patricia Jill, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. I. W. G. Freeman, Ashwood Grange, Heathfield Road, Woking, to Arthur Frederick, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Vyvyan-Robinson, Binton Barn, The Sands, Farnham, Surrey.

Fayer.

TO BE MARRIED: On June 30, Mary Bridget Anne, daughter of Col. the Hon. Sir George and Lady Mary Crichton, Queen's Acre, Windsor, to Major J. W. B. Cole, Coldstream Guards, son of the late Lt.-Col. J. B. Cole, and of Mrs. Cole.

Navana Vandyk.

TO BE MARRIED: on June 30, Miss F. M. J. Scrymgeour-Wedderburn, daughter of Capt. and Mrs. W. O. Scrymgeour-Wedderburn, and Mr. J. A. Yates, son of the late Colonel J. A. Yates and of Mrs. Yates.

Lenare.

TO BE MARRIED: next month, Patricia, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. N. P. Machin, Sawyers, Walton-on-the-Hill, Surrey, to Denis Frank, son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank A. Waugh, Dungate Manor, Reigate, Surrey.

Navana Vandyk.

TO BE MARRIED: on July 7, Miss P. M. M. Standring, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Standring, Park House, Warwick, to Capt. P. G. D. Aizlewood, Paxford Manor, Chipping Campden, Glos.

Lenare.

DEBUTANTE: Miss Meribah Baxter, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Beverley Baxter, who is sharing a dance with Lady Olivier's (Vivien Leigh) daughter at Hamilton Terrace on June 29.

Navana Vandyk.

TO BE MARRIED: on July 21, Miss Elizabeth Ann Fry, twin daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Salisbury Fry, and Lieut. Gerald Frank Lanyon, R.N., son of Major and Mrs. Frank Lanyon, Hambledon House, Hambledon, Hants.

Pearl Freeman.

TO BE MARRIED: on July 10 in Scotland, Agnes-Mary, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Martin, to Arthur John Russell, son of the late Arthur Yencken and of Lady Pilditch, Bredfield Place, Suffolk.

OPERA: Sena Jurinac, Yugoslav soprano, who is one of the leading singers in the Mozart opera season at Glyndebourne which opens to-day, June 20.

THEATRE: Jimmy Hanley has the leading rôle in *Waggonload o' Monkeys*, R. F. Delderfield's new comedy due in the West End next month.

CABARET: Vicky Autier who is delighting her audiences at 96, Piccadilly, with songs at the piano.

Dorothy Wilding.

THEATRE: Jessie Royce Landis stars in *Come Live With Me* which opens at the Vaudeville to-morrow, June 21.

McBean.

THEATRE: Joyce Grenfell is in a new intimate revue, *Penny Plain*, opening at the St. Martin's Theatre on June 28.

LITERATURE: Dr. Gayelord Hauser, author of *Look Younger Live Longer*, in whose honour is Foyle's Literary Luncheon at the Dorchester on June 26.

McBean.

THEATRE: Diana Wynyard stars with John Gielgud and Flora Robson in *A Winter's Tale* at the Phœnix Theatre on June 27.

CABARET: Terry-Thomas will be amusing diners at the Washington Hotel, Curzon Street, for two weeks from June 21.

The black worsted crêpe dress with slanted tiers is by Marcus; the Russian sable tie is by Selincourt, and the car the lady so obviously fancies is the newest type of Humber "Super Snipe" saloon.

ROUND THE SHOWS

By Veronica Lee

THIS year's London Fashion Fortnight which ended last week certainly demonstrated that Britain Can Do It. Indefinably yet unmistakably British in technique, the clothes, hats, furs and accessories shown to overseas buyers displayed highest quality materials allied to first-class craftsmanship. Equally important, they successfully coupled glamour with wearability and achieved . . . elegance. Among the many evening and cocktail-time events which took place during the two weeks, I particularly enjoyed the "Concours d'Élégance" at Devonshire House, Piccadilly. The parade was staged conjointly by Rootes Motors Group and the British Vogue Export Book and here we saw highlights of the 1951 autumn fashions from the wholesale collections together with the latest Rootes car models. Here are some of the lovely day and evening outfits shown to us against a background of sleek cars.

Photographs: Condé Nast Publications.

This black rayon ottoman coat with a velvet collar is by Frederick Starke and is equally at home by day or by night. The car in the background is a Sunbeam Talbot "90" sports saloon. In the next picture, left to right, is a white brocade and net dress by Mandell with a natural white fox stole by Selincourt; a silver-blue mink cape over a grey chiffon dress, both by Selincourt; a hyacinth-blue poult domino coat over a cyclamen brocade dress, both by Mandell. The car in the background is a Humber Pullman limousine.

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ROUND THE SHOWS

(*Continued from Page 598*)

AT the "Concours D'Élégance" at Devonshire House I especially noted this chic golfing outfit made by Dereta. The skirt and jerkin are green cotton corduroy and the shirt is a lovely shade of orange tan. I also coveted this latest model of the Hillman "Minx" saloon—perfect for the woman driver either in town or country.

ANOTHER parade I much appreciated was the well-staged "Cotton-in-Fashion 1951," organised by the Cotton Board and displayed in the ballroom at the Dorchester. Comfortably seated at tea-tables, we were shown models in the latest weaves from Lancashire—suits, frocks, gowns and sports wear—made up by the leading wholesale fashion houses and also by the ten members of the Incorporated Society of London Fashion Designers. Here, on the left, is one of them—an elegant suit, double-breasted, slim-skirted, beautifully tailored by Lachasse. The material is citron cotton piqué by John Hall of Manchester; the hat, on which the citron piqué is again used, is also by Lachasse, and the black piqué gloves are by Kenneth Rouse.

Photograph: Cotton Board, Manchester.

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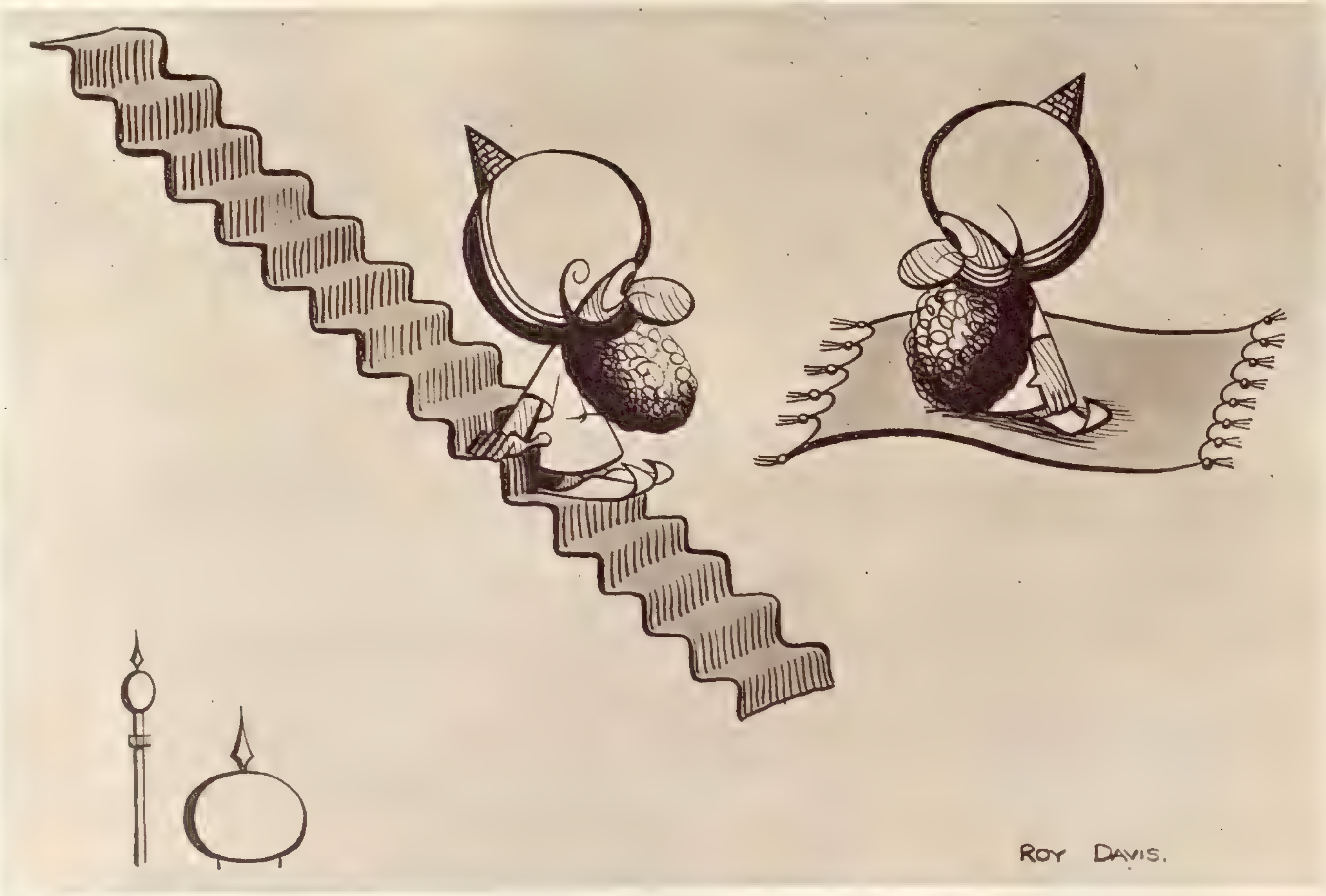

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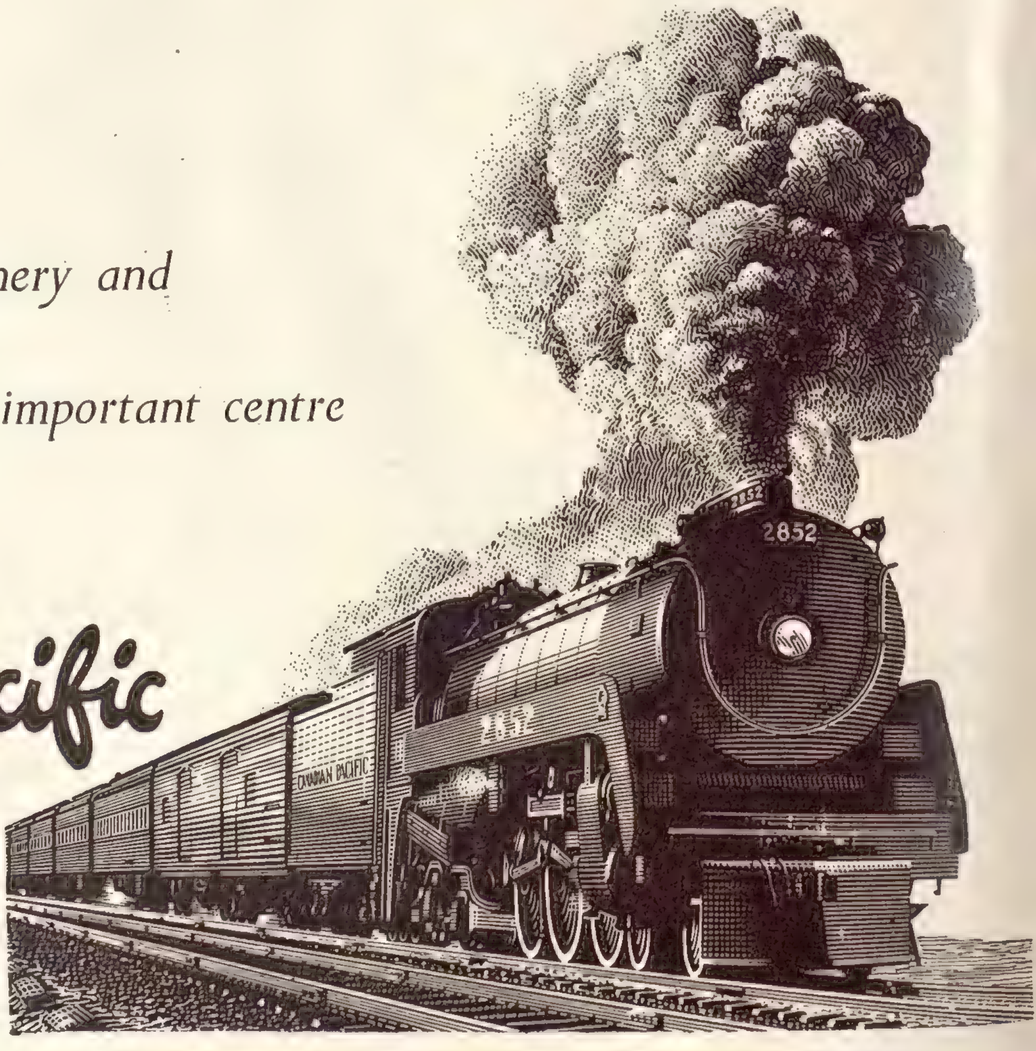

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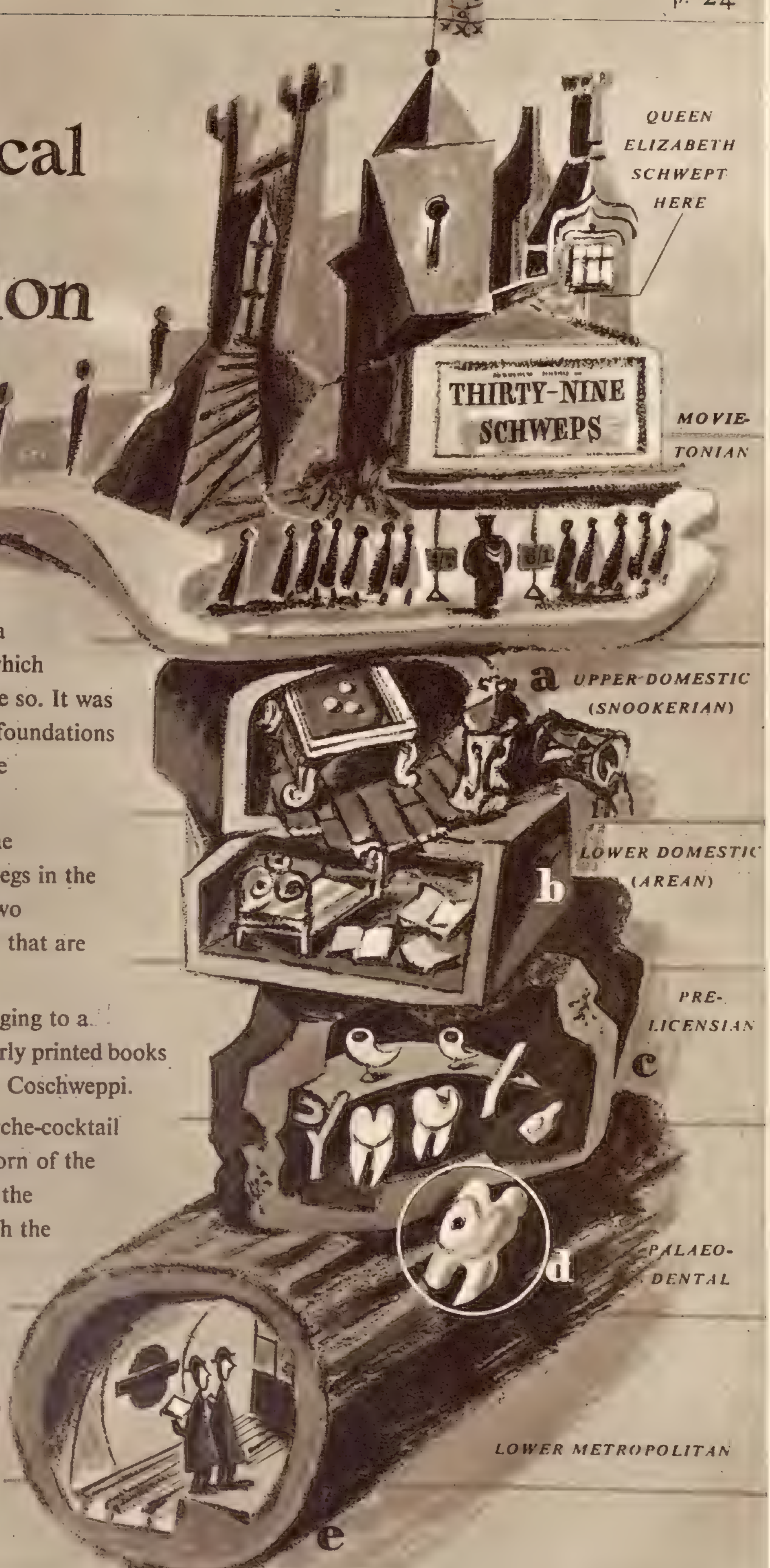
A GUIDE TO SCHWEPPSHIRE p. 24

archæological cross-schweption



It is not generally known that there is a pre-history of pre-Schweppshire, which has its own archæology if not more so. It was only by chance, when digging the foundations of the Schwempire Cinema that the 18th century billiard room of

a) SCHWEPSTOW CASTLE was discovered, the primitive table supported by four legs in the delicate Schwepelwhite style and two Schwippendale dustbins. Beneath that are the remains of

b) FOUR MAIDS' BEDROOMS obviously belonging to a former generation, with valuable early printed books consisting of four novels by Marie Coschweppi.

c) A PROTO-SAXON DRINKING ROOM with arche-cocktail shakers made of the unbleached horn of the boar. Do not fail to inspect here the Museum Catalogue (3/6d.) in which the sole entry to date describes

d) MOOSE TOOTH which appears to contain a stopping, proving that there was a palaeoveterinary service, unless of course chemical tests prove it to be the wisdom tooth of Queen Wufu. Beneath the lot of course is

e) SCHWEPSTOW UNDERGROUND STATION

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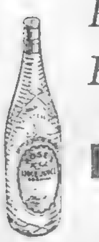

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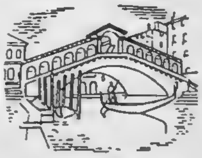

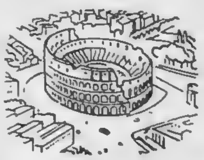

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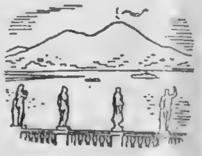

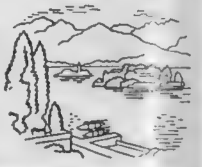

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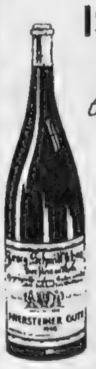

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BRITISH EUROPEAN AIRWAYS

[3P 104]

WHITBREAD'S ENGLAND

THE REGENCY PERIOD. The Battle of Waterloo had been fought and won. England was settling down to a generation of peace, and the hero of the hour was, not unnaturally, the Duke of Wellington. Streets, squares and public buildings were named after him, and his aquiline features were depicted on the signs of many an inn. Many, too, were the toasts drunk to his health in tankards brimming with English ale.

Masculine dress had become less ornate. Gone were the embroidered coats, the white silk stockings, lace ruffles and powdered hair. Now a very plain cutaway coat was the peak of distinction and the emphasis was upon fit and form; every seam was drawn fine and garments were moulded to the body.

The Prince Regent—known as the first Gentleman of Europe—set the tone for his age with extravagant good taste. Dramatic in all things, he is said to have burst into tears when Beau Brummel, the Prince of Dandies, criticised the fit of his breeches. This, in fact, was an age lavish with its criticism. But Englishmen were agreed on the excellence of Whitbread's beer, as they had been agreed for more than half a century—and as they are agreed today.

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PERHAPS there is no other city in the world that has such a store of literary treasure as London, for the English, so silent of tongue, so reserved of manner, were never shy with pen and paper. Under their busy fingers the voices of the Angles and the Saxons and the Normans were fused into a single beautiful language and London, busy, bustling, swaggering and grimy, became the forcing house for a literary greatness that astonished the cultured world. Now we have this heritage. The names of our great writers are scattered over the city like jewels flung by a prodigal giant, and there is no part of central London where you are not close by some point of literary note. This map illustrates the main highlights to help you upon your tour of literary discovery — a tour that will reveal much more than is pictured here, for nearly every street in London has a fascinating story to tell to the visitor who wishes to know it.

* *This map is reproduced as the frontispiece of a descriptive folder of Central London, which can be obtained free from the Dunlop Rubber Co. Ltd., Advertising Dept. (G 2) Fort Dunlop, Birmingham, 2*

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